

MOLLIE TANK'S VICTORY---By Jennie McMillan

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TAIN'T no use in talkin', Jim. Somebody's got to look after old Dony Tank's gal, Mollie, or she will give the whole thing away. She's the pesternest woman about meddlin in this community."

The cabin door slammed violently behind the old mountaineer. With a queer smile on his face the younger man followed him inside, where he dropped into a chair in front of the fire of blazing hickory logs and meditated a long time before venturing to speak.

"What kin I do with her, jist?"

He knew she was out there because she had seen them panning in the creek yesterday and had come straight up to him and asked him if he was going to help old Tom Patterson sell his mine. She reminded him that there was plenty of good gold in the Georgia mountains without helping such men as Patterson poke off a pile of worthless clay on innocent men. Somehow she found out that Patterson intended selling to a man from the North.

The father had sat quietly ignoring his son's appeal as to what could be done with Mollie. Finally he arose angrily.

His excitement was due to the fact that the next day the prospective buyer would be back with his expect to examine the mine, and he wasn't sure of what Mollie would do. He turned away from the window, went over to the cupboard, took out a small box and called impatiently to his son.

"Come on here, Jim, an' help fix this old. That gal ain't worth yer thoughts. She ain't got no sense ter make such a racket 'bout saltin' an' moonshinin' when there ain't no other way ter make er livin' leve in the mountains."

"She don't make her money that way, an' Jim was thinking of the corn that Mollie raised. The old man interrupted his musings with a holsterous laugh.

"No, she raises corn, but who buys it? The moonshiners do ter make their whiskey."

"But she don't know that, po," said the boy with feeling.

"Well she don't!"

The sound of the falling rain kept them from hearing the approach of the girl they were discussing. She crept among the bushes outside the cabin until she stood directly beneath the window, the soft rays of the lamp falling on her pale, pretty face as she listened to look into the room.

The men were busy working at the table, unconscious that she was watching their every movement. First they blew gently on the mound of black sand which was heaped in the middle of a white sheet that covered the table, keeping this



There Was a Soft Look in Her Eyes as She Asked, "You Mean It, Jim?"

and leaving several large nuggets of gold on the table.

"Get the cigars, Jim," commanded the older man.

Jim got them and sat watching his father unwrap two of them, skillfully hiding the nuggets inside. "Experts," he laughed. "I'd like ter see the one that kin catch me a saltin'."

And he was right, for it was only necessary to give Bill Chapman two days' notice, and he could get gold on any land at any time.

Jim did not join in his father's good humor. He was thinking of Mollie, how she had pleaded with him, and her words were ringing in his ears. "Tain't right, Jim, an' you know good an' well 'tain't," A noise outside startled him. He rose with a quick, alert movement and reached the window just in time to catch a hurried glance of a slender, barefoot girl running swiftly down the slippery trail. He recognized Mollie. His father, standing behind him, had also seen her and he pushed a ride into the boy's hand, saying: "Go get her, Jim. If it takes all night, get her an' bring her back an' I reckon there'll be a way er holdin' her till Tom Patterson kin sell out ter that city feller who can't tell the difference between gold that's been quicked an' burnt an' that what ain't."

A dark, fiery look came into the boy's eyes. He glanced at the rifle meaningfully. "I'll get her, po; don't worry 'bout that," and out into the night he ran. The lightning showed him Mollie far ahead on the trail. She was running fast to reach Potts' store in time to meet the mail back with the expert on his way to close the deal with Patterson. She would warn him to watch Bill Chapman's cigar ashes when they fell into the gold pan; then he would know where the gold came from. It was Bill's trick. Why, whoever heard of him testing a mine without a cigar in his mouth?

With an angry flush the girl drew away. "There it goes again, Jim, an' fer once an' all I'm tired er it. Tired er you tryin' ter make out it ain't downright stealin' ter go on them city folks' land, pan their gold an' chuck it away in old Patterson's dirt so's he kin swindle folks with it. An' the worst part of it is, not a man in the Georgia mountains'll give you away. An' why, Jim? Why won't they tell? They hates them city folks, that's why; an' them folks ain't never harmed none er us. On the other hand, they give us the meetin' house an' the land fer the buryin' ground, but what they've done fer us don't count. They cum here once wearin' fine clothes—silk socks an' them kind er things—an' everybody hates 'em fer it, an' they see their pleasure in stealin' from 'em, in using their gold to cheat others with. You don't care fer the money in it, Jim. It's jist the satisfaction er gittin' ahead er city folks that makes you steal from 'em."

Between the pain and the girl's stinging words the boy's face had grown white. He raised himself on his elbow to somewhere ter jell. I've seed that so look into her eyes—

"Look here, Mol, don't go too far! I wouldn't steal nothin', an' you know it, but it's different saltin' an' moonshinin'. It's all as is left us here in the mountains. In the name er goodness what else kin we do? Is it stealin' ter use the only means we have ter make er livin'?" "Tain't everybody as has bottom land ter raise corn, an' Mol, have yer ever thought who buys yer corn? Don't the moonshiners buy it?"

The girl rose with tears in her eyes and her lips quivered. She felt a sickening weakness come over her, for she realized that Jim was about to get the better of the argument. The boy saw he was gaining and he broke in again just as she was about to say something.

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A faint flush came into her cheeks—"an' supposin' we was married then an' ther was some child, an' you was shot down or taken off

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"Come back, Mol, an' bring the expert, an' I'll show him wher the good gold is."

The girl looked up startled and there was a soft light in her eyes as she asked:—

"You mean it, Jim?"

"Yes I do, Mol. I'll show him the good gold an' whut's more I'll leave off moonshinin' fer good an' all, cause whut yer said 'bout the child'n can't be disputed, girl. 'Twouldn't be fair ter 'em."

She had hurried on, and the dense shrubbery that grew along the trail shut her from his view, but the wind brought her soft drawing answer to him.

"I'll be back in a little while, Jim, me and the expert," and the sound of the happiness in her voice caused him to smile and murmur to himself:—

"Tain't no use ter try ter hold out agin her. She had it in her ter make er angel or er devil out er me, an' I might a knowed which 'twould be, because Mollie's good out an' out."



"Do Me the Favor, Jim, to Quit Moonin' Over That Fool Girl."

went over to the window, and, throwing open the glassless shutter, exclaimed:—

"Do me the favor, Jim, to quit moonin' over that fool gal. Why, she's clean unbalanced on the rights an' wrongs er things since her no died. Didn't she so much as have the nerve ter speak out at meetin' agin moonshinin', an' now she's goin' ter meddle with this deal er Patterson's if she's not stopped."

up until most of the sand was scattered, leaving only a very small pile, which was bright and shining with small yellow particles of gold. Carefully they emptied the contents of a bottle of mercury into this and watched with delight as it rolled about and gathered up every tiny bit of the precious metal, then they struck a match to it, burning away the mercury

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Army and Navy Drop Old Forms of Stilted Verbiage

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THE United States Army is getting down to real business. Not content with stripping off most of the gold lace, it has just decided to strip off most of the red tape, particularly as regards official messages and correspondence. Here is how they used to do it:—

Major General Amos Kugg, Commanding Third Brigade,

Army of the Hudson,

Department of the East.

Respected Sir:—With expressions of the deepest respect, and with keen regret, I have the sorrow to report that the enemy, three regiments strong, attacked our extreme left at thirty-two minutes after three o'clock this afternoon, and owing to our exposed position and lack of adequate fighting force, have driven us back and now occupy our trenches. I am also forced to the conclusion, sir, that they have in contemplation a flank movement, which, with our depleted ranks, we are in no position to combat. With profound regret I have to inform you that we are still falling back, and are in despair of receiving adequate support.

Respectfully submitted,

BERNARD BUGSWELL,

Lieutenant Colonel,

Twelfth Regiment, U. S. A.

Respectfully forwarded,

Jonas B. Kumbo,

Lieutenant Colonel,

Commanding Second Division.

The reply:—

Headquarters, Army of the Hudson,

Department of the East.

Bernard Bugswell,

Lieutenant Colonel,

rough the 23d and 16th regiments of infantry and three field batteries to your position. You will take command of these at once and endeavor to regain your trenches and prevent any contemplated flank movement.

Truly yours,

AMOS KUGG,

Major General, Commanding.

This is the new way:—

General Kugg,

"Dear Sir:—They're too many for us, we're on the run. We gotta have help or they'll make an end run, too. Can't you get busy?"

BUGSWELL.

The reply:—

"Bugswell:—Get back on the job. You can have all the help you want; only make good!"

KUGG.

The War Department, apparently taking the ground that an army might be hopelessly defeated while a commanding officer was wading through the fulsome preliminaries of the old style correspondence, has just promulgated the rule

which cuts official despatches down to a mere set form, which is little more than telling out a blank. All of the "respected sir," "respectfully submitted," "respectfully forwarded," and the like, are dispensed with. Instead, the new letters begin with the name of the officer, writing, and his rank and position; the name of the officer addressed, the subject of the letter, then the letter proper, written as briefly as possible, something like this:—

Madison Barracks, N. Y.,

September 22, 1912.

From:—Captain John A. Smith, 24th Inf. To:—The Adjutant General, U. S. A.

Subject:—Leave of absence.

I have this day taken advantage of the leave granted me by Par. 1, S. O. 1, Hq., of this morning. We are endeavoring to

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Army and Navy Club, No. 107 West Forty-third street, New York city.

JOHN A. SMITH.

Whether or not the innovation is to be carried further and result in the elimin-

ation of some of the good old form upon which army and navy men cut their teeth and with which they went into battle, is a subject for serious reflection by men in the service. It may extend to the navy. Many a man has been disciplined for forgetting to stand when the Rear Ad-

miral in command passed through the junior wardroom, or because a piece of the gold lace on his chapans showed dirty when the President came aboard for inspection.

ate, tearing great holes in her gunwales and bringing her spars and tackle to the decks in hopeless ruin. Although the battle was only ten minutes old the enemy's fire was so hot that the frigate

was beginning to look like a dismantled wreck, and her port side, which was in the battle, was badly riddled. Taking advantage of a quartering wind the enemy made a brilliant movement, sailed ahead, came about, and suddenly found herself on the starboard side of the Yankee.

The guns on that side had been out of the fray, and, of course, were idle. They were loaded and primed, however, and the crews jumped to position and awaited orders.

As the enemy opened fire anew the Yankees stood ready to return, and the crews looked back to their officer, standing just behind them.

"Ready, men," he called in a steady voice. "Fi—"

"Where Are Your Gloves, Sir?" Demanded the Commanding Officer.

"What's this?" demanded the commanding officer, rushing across the deck. "Where are your gloves?"

"My gloves?"

"You know well that Rule A, Sec. H, 3b, provides that no officer in command of a gun crew shall go into action except in full uniform! Put on your gloves! Then report to me after the engagement."

The officer plunged down to his quarters, searched in terrific haste through his wardrobe and finally found his gloves. He rushed back to the gun deck, got the gloves adjusted and gave the command to fire just as the battery went out of business on account of a well directed shot from the enemy.

Five minutes after the blast shattered the Maine in Havana Harbor and the water was creeping up above the berth deck Captain Sigbee was making his way through the water from his cabin to the companionway. He met his orderly, who had rushed behind him in search of him.

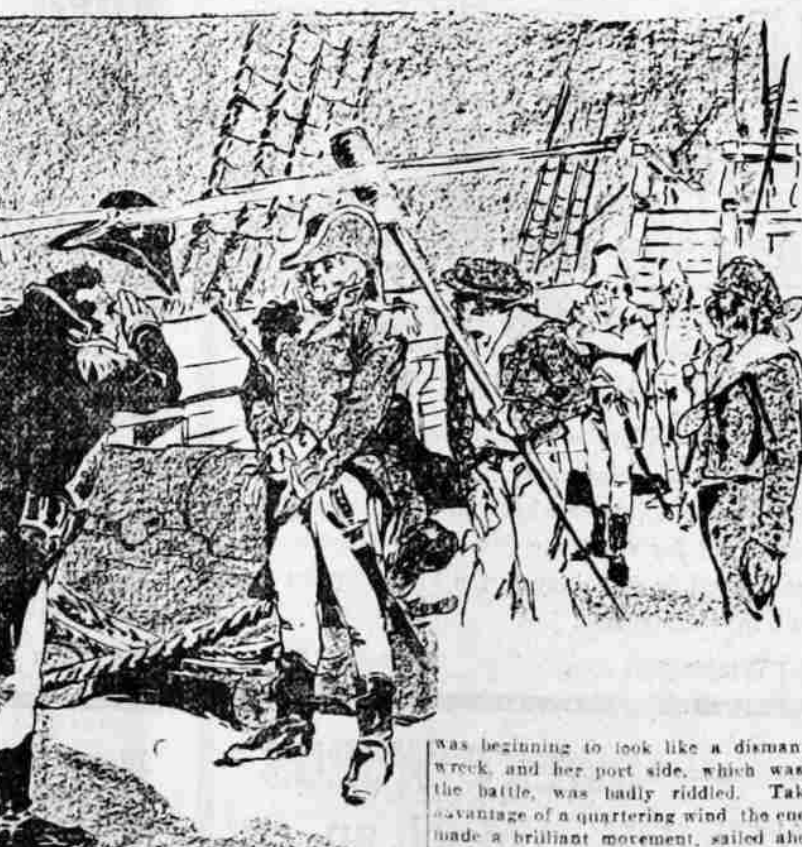
"Sir," the orderly is said to have remarked, drawing up stiffly in four feet of water and saluting, "it is my duty to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

"Very well," replied the Captain. "Go above and await orders." Both made their way in safety to the deck above and got away in small boats. Had the new order of things been fully organized then the dialogue might have been like this:—

"Orderly—We're sinkin', boss. Better come above."

"Captain—Do you think I'm blind? Get out of my way!"

The orderly who dashes up from the out-



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ost line, dismounts, sees that the reins are passed about his arm at the proper angle, removes his hat and salutes, then hauls the urgent message to the commanding officer, will give way to the orderly who dashes up, throws the paper at the officer's feet and demands:—"Any answer?"

It is conceded that a lot of time and breath will be saved, and that enough may be gained to win a battle which otherwise

would be lost. In past years the strictures of official form and red tape have been imposed even under such tense conditions as the blockading of Santiago Harbor, from which Admiral Cervera's fleet was expected to emerge at any moment. In fact, the men on board all the American war ships were lining up for regular Sunday morning inspection on the morning of July 3, 1898. With their shoes shined, uniforms brushed, caps and gloves adjusted properly, they were assembling in ranks on decks when the bow of the Maria Teresa appeared around Smith Cay.

It is due to both men and officers to say that no considerations of red tape or regulations held them for more than one and one-half seconds. The men tore off their jackets and caps and ran to their posts, and the officers didn't set them any better example.

As a matter of fact the reduction of the verbosity in official despatches is but one more step in the process of simplifying things in both the army and navy. The elaborate uniforms of ten years ago are gone, and many of the irksome rules are now abolished.

It wasn't so many years ago that naval officers took their wives with them when they went on cruise, and several stories are told as to the origin of the strict rule barring women from naval vessels except as visitors when the vessels are in port. The most generally accepted one has to do with the visit of an American cruiser to a South American republic where a revolution was in progress, about thirty years ago. As the vessel lay at anchor in the port a boat drew up alongside, and a bedraggled figure sprang onto the deck chair. There was no one there except the wife of one of the officers, sitting on a deck chair. The visitor told a tale of woe, declaring that troops were shot if captured, and implored her to hide him. She finally consented and sheltered him on board the vessel, unknown to any of the officers or crew. The fugitive proved to be one of the revolutionary leaders, and the affair almost precipitated international complications.

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